

## RESIGNATION.

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I HAVE a home, it is not here ;  
Then here would anxious cares be wrong ;  
For I must dwell for ever there ;  
And here I must not tarry long.

I would but take a traveller's care,  
For what I meet, in this my road ;  
If coarse or fine should be my fare,  
My way with thorns or roses strew'd.

If I my lov'd companions lose,  
Let me not loiter in my way ;  
Nor study here what I would choose ;  
As if my journey were my stay.

For when I bid this earth farewell,  
And at my home my spirit lands,  
I shall find friends will never fail,  
And have a house that ever stands.